TWO EXCELLENT

New Songs.

VIZ.

The Tree on the Hill,

AND

A Drop of Dram

LONDON,
Printed in this Present Year.

The Tree on the Hill.

ON yonder hill there ſtood a tree,
A curious tree and a dainty tree,
And in that tree there was a branch,
A curious branch and a dainty branch;

O the branch in the tree,
And the tree in the hill,
And the hill ſtand ſtill,
And evermore will,
By the ſide of the gill,
While my name's John Hill!

On yonder hill there grows a tree,
A curious tree and a dainty tree,
And in that tree there was a branch,
A curious branch and a dainty branch,
And in that branch there was a neſt,
A curious neſt and a dainty neſt;

O the neſt in the branch,
And the branch in the tree,
And the tree in the hill,
And the hill ſtand ſtill,
And evermore will,
By the ſide of a gill,
While my name's John Hill!

On yonder hill there grows a tree,
A curious tree and a dainty tree,
And on that tree there was a branch,
And in that branch there was a neſt,
And in that neſt there was an egg,
A curious egg and a dainty egg;

O the egg in the neſt,
And the neſt in the branch,
And the branch in the tree,
And the tree in the hill,
And the hill ſtand ſtill,
And evermore will,
By the ſide of a gill,
While my name's John Hill!

On yonder hill there grows a tree,
A curious tree and a dainty tree,
And in that tree there was a branch,
And in that branch there was a neſt,
And in that neſt there was an egg,

And in that egg there was a bird,
A curious bird and a dainty bird;

O the bird in the egg,
And the egg in the nest,
And the nest in the branch,
And the branch in the tree,
And the tree in the hill,
And the hill stand still,
And evermore will,
By the side of a gill,
While my name's John Hill!

On yonder hill there grows a tree,
A curious tree and a dainty tree,
And in that tree there was a branch,
And in that branch there was a nest,
And in that nest there was an egg,
And in that egg there was a bird,
And in that bird there was a feather,
A curious feather and a dainty feather,

O the feather in the bird,
And the bird in the egg,
And the egg in the nest
And the nest in the branch,
And the branch in the tree,
And the tree on the hill,
And the hill stand still,
And evermore will,

By the ſide of a gill,
While my name's John Hill!

On yonder hill there grows a tree,
A curious tree and a dainty tree,
And in that tree there was a branch,
And in that branch there was a neſt,
And in that neſt there was an egg,
Aud in that egg there was a bird,
And in that bird there was a feather,
And in that feather there was a bed,
A curious bed and a dainty bed;

O the bed in the feather,
And the feather in the bird,
And the bird in the egg,
And the egg in the neſt,
And the neſt in the branch,
And the branch in the tree,
And the tree in the hill,
And the hill ſtand ſtill,
And evermore will,
By the ſide of a gill,
While my name's John Hill!

On yonder hill there grows a tree,
A curious tree and a dainty tree,
And in that tree there was a branch,
And in that branch there was a neſt,
And in that neſt there was an egg,

And in that egg there was a bird,
And in that bird there was a feather,
And in that feather there was a bed,
And in that bed there was a lass,
A curious lass and a dainty lass;

O the lass in the bed,
And the bed in the feather,
And the feather in the bird,
And the bird in the egg,
And the egg in the nest,
And the nest in the branch,
And the branch in the tree,
And the tree in the hill,
And the hill stand still,
And evermore will,
By the side of a gill,
While my name's John Hill!

On yonder hill there grows a tree,
A curious tree and a dainty tree,
And in that tree there was a branch,
And in that branch there was a nest,
And in that nest there was an egg,
And in that egg there was a bird,
And in that bird there was a feather,
And in that feather there was a bed,
And in that bed there was a lass,
And in that lass there was a lad,
A curious lad and a dainty lad;

O the lad in the laſs,
And the laſs in the bed,
And the bed in the feather,
And the feather in the bird,
And the bird in the egg,
And the egg in the neſt,
And the neſt in the branch,
And the branch in the tree,
And the tree in the hill,
And the hill ſtand ſtill,
And evermore will,
By the ſide of a gill,
WHILE MY NAME'S JOHN HILL!!!

Drop of Dram.

SAYS Moll Drew to Winifred, my huſband's a ſad man,
For he will not allow me my little drop of dram;
I'm ſure when I get it, 'tis but little that I take,
And then it is all for the company's ſake.
Your tittle tattle, prittle prattle, o'er a diſh of tea,
I cannot abide all the nonſenſe they ſay;

So I'll e'en to John Coggin's, he's a very civil
man,
And a mighty private place for to get a drop
of dram.

Says Winifred to Moll Drew, my husband's a
sad lout,
For it's only once in twelve months he has a
drinking bout;
I should die of the vapours if I did not get a
sup,
For Moll, you know, a sup is good to keep
our spirits up.
Your cyder and your toddy, and your little
sups of ale,
Are what we give to Ned and Dick for fear
they should rail;
But while I have a porringer a porridge pot or
pan,
I'll e'en comfort my poor spirits with a little
drop of dram.

FINIS.